

MANY GIRLS IN PINK

Summer Fashions Revealed at
Inns Near New York.

PRETTY FLOWERED FROCKS.

Simply Made Models Which Are
Charming.

Women Are Discovering That the Long, Limp, Clinging Skirts Are Not Easy to Walk In—New French Fashions Illustrated by a Woman Who Knew How to Wear Them—Satin a Summer Material Nowadays—The Empire Boles—All White Wash Frocks Beloved as Usual of the Summer Girl—Colored Linens in Jumper and Semi-Princess Frocks and in Coat and Skirt Suits.

The summer hotels are opening and many inns near New York which are especially popular throughout May and June before the seashore season actually begins have been crowded for weeks past. As a result

are exhibited, and although pink is always a popular summer color it is many a season since we have seen so many pretty girls in pink.

Possibly the wide range of delectable shades in this color which the manufacturers have turned out this season accounts for the popularity, and almost any woman not entirely past the years for pink can find a becoming tone of the color in the gamut run 'twixt palest rose petal and deep rose du Barry or coral or fraise.

The mother of a daughter graduating from a fashionable suburban boarding school has been staying at a summer hotel near the school and on one of the last days of the term gave a tea for her daughter's friends. Fifty pink and white young things responded, and out of the fifty, as it happened, twenty wore pink—pink linen, pink mouseline, pink voile, white sheer stuff pink flowered. Some of the girlish flowered frocks were particularly charming and many frocks similar to these are to be seen on every hotel veranda.

The designers have been exceedingly happy in their rose flowered mouselines and chiffons and gauzes, and even in lawn and organdies and dimities most attractive flowered patterns are offered. Greater simplicity in making is possible to those materials than in the one tone summer stuffs, for they require little trimming beyond dainty guimpes and sleeve finishings and some sort of girle. The bordered materials in particular are independent of other trimmings, and though some makers have turned out models in these gauzy bordure

out the summer. That she has discarded her petticoats is, however, a fact assured, and, truth to tell, a good many women have not yet learned to walk gracefully in the long, limp, clinging skirts which the mode prescribes.

It is an art, this walk. One cannot lift the feet freely and set them down boldly without walking on the front of one's own frock, so the correct walk is a gliding motion in which the feet are scarcely lifted from the floor.

Poorly done, it degenerates into a shuffle and the hotel verandas and corridors show some pathetic struggles on the part of women not yet well acquainted with the new skirt, which their dressmakers have thrust upon them, and missing sadly the friendly petticoat whose crisp flounces and frills once held the frock skirt away from the feet. Your true elegant practices walking in a skirt and knows exactly how to gather the folds up gracefully when they must be lifted, but such devotion to the cause of dress is not general and it will be some time before the rank and file begin to move gracefully and freely in the new skirts.

One tall, slender, blond woman whose toilets have been the chief source of entertainment for the idle crowd in a hotel near New York manages her very clinging draperies with inimitable skill and with an envied, unobscured grace. Moreover, these draperies of hers are of the most pronounced and trying kind. Some of the elderly women insist upon calling them indecent,

girdle in the back, passes under the girle just behind the arm and falls over the skirt almost to the floor. The scarf is tucked to the skirt folds so that it stays where it should, and the effect, especially from the rear, is artistically charming, though odd. A gauzy scarf of delicate color might be used in the same way with good effect.

Still associated with the modish blonde is a robe of pale pink liberty, an exquisite but very delicate tone, which is apparently a perfectly plain, very *colante* princess. Over this goes a tunic coat arrangement of fine net and handsome Irish lace, the short kimono sleeve and body of the garment out in one, and the coat opening in V shape in with fine net and valenciennes and the undersleeves are of net and valenciennes.

Outer lace sleeves and surplice fronts are simply bound with pink satin, the draped girle is of pink satin, and beneath this girle the coat fronts cross and fall in a draped tunic effect almost to the knee. In the back the coat runs well down upon the train.

Satin, though never before regarded as a summery material, has in its light soft qualities firm hold upon feminine favor and has been adopted as an eminently practical material for the hotel dinner and evening frock of the dressy but substantial type. It will stand the wear and tear and the sea, air moisture better than the soft, filmy materials, and one sees a great number of these satin frocks in such types as are illustrated here, simple of detail, embroidered in self-color, made becoming by

ment such as that of the rose satin in our sketch.

Medium tones are practical for these satin frocks, various shades of rose, light brown and certain blues being frequently chosen. Chaudron, which has been so popular in Paris, will probably have a certain vogue throughout the summer, but is undeniably a hot color for midsummer days and not generally becoming.

With some of the Empire gowns of gauzy materials charming little Empire boleros are being worn. We have mentioned these



ROSE SATIN.

boleros before, but must spare time to tell of a lovely white net and lace frock, short waisted, clinging, exquisitely soft and cloudlike.

Over the little draped bodice, which had a square semi-decolletage, was worn a tiny bolero of a white silk that looked like a soft rich gros grain. This was broadly open in front and cut down rather low upon the shoulders, with rounded fronts and bottom line curving up under the arms and again in the middle of the back, where it fell just to the Empire girle. There was a mere excuse for a sleeve cut in one with the rest of the bolero, and the entire bolero was bordered deeply with a garland design embroidered in silks of many delicate colors.

Another Empire bolero frock was of smoky gray silk mouseline with a diminutive little bolero of deep coral pink silk almost entirely covered by embroidery in smoky gray silk, dull silver and dull gold.

Pekin stripes in mouseline, marquisette and other sheer materials are still much worn, though the craze for stripes has worn itself out, and as was prophesied in these columns before the spring season launched its multitude of striped stuffs, the fastidious women of fashion have discarded the popularized stripes. Silk mouselines striped in white and black, white and lilac, white and cerise, &c., make very pretty simple frocks, with usually a note of black introduced somewhere to give them character.

Cerise, which started out triumphantly in the early spring, is somewhat discredited now, but the blues and greens hold their own, though the more vivid blues are less becoming and satisfactory as the days grow warmer.

Word comes from Paris of a veritable battle of the dressmaking giants in regard to extreme Empire and Directoire modes; but as we have said before, there is prac-



BORDERED LINEN.

tically no possibility that the most extreme ideas along this line will be accepted, and in modified form the fashions of this period are delightful.

Coat vagaries, less radical and startling than the skirt innovations which have stirred up so much discussion and warring, have been developed as the Parisian season has followed its course, and the large cut presents two Parisian race costumes which illustrate some of the pronounced coat novelties among the Directoire models. Well worn, picturesque costumes of this type are admirable, but one must have an unexceptionable figure to wear such models well, and unless one can have a large number of costumes it is a mistake to go in for anything so pronounced as these ultra Directoire coats.

All white wash frocks are, as usual, beloved of the summer girl, and though the handsome lingerie frocks are being saved for midseason, white linens, piques, &c., have already been out in full force. The gored skirt of white French pique buttoning all the way down the middle front or the left side of the front is popular for a separate short skirt to be worn with lingerie blouses, and gored models without the button detail are equally popular.

In fine white linen the short plaited skirt with shirt waist or embroidered blouse of the same fine linen is chic, and costumes of this sort worn with white hose and shoes are among the smartest things for the summer girl's morning wear, though linen of this variety crushes and loses its freshness so soon that one needs a large supply of such frocks if one is to look fresh and immaculate in them.

Colored linens are much worn both in jumper or semi-princess frocks and in coat and skirt suits, and as has been indicated before some of the most attractive models are in rose or pink. The string color and various biscuit tones are also well liked, and there are some particularly smart three piece linen suits in a cool light green with cuffs and collars of black satin or black moire, big white pearl buttons and a black cash girle.

We have seen an attractive costume of buff linen on this same order—a semi-princess jumper of the linen over a white guimpe, with a cravat of black liberty.

and a black liberty girle knotted at the left front and passing under the central plait, which gave a continuous princess line to the jumper front. Over this a semi-fitting coat of the buff linen with revers and cuffs of black liberty.

Some of the bordered linens are attractively made up, although a majority of these materials are unbecomingly handled. Where the border is not cut off and applied to the skirt the skirt is of necessity plaited with the border trimming the bottom. The border is usually cut off and applied as waist trimmings, but it is possible to use it without cutting in surplus folds. A linen frock sketched for this page was an excellent model for the linens with striped border, and the simple use of the border will be readily understood through study of the sketch.

Embroidered coats and skirts of white French pique are numerous, and some of the prettiest all white frocks for general utility wear are in sheer white voile trimmed in bands of white taffeta embroidered in fine white soutache and made after the fashion of the linen and silk jumper or semi-



VOILE AND BRAIDED SILK.

princess frocks, with short skirt and transparent guimpe.

One of these little frocks is illustrated among the cuts and was an exceedingly good model, worn with a short coat of white taffeta braided all over in soutache and a wide brimmed hat of fine white straw trimmed in a wide scarf of lettuce green.

HOW BEECHER GOT EVEN.

Made a Woman Who Slammed a Door in His Face Wish She Hadn't.

Two preachers not long ago were discussing the men who have been shining lights of the metropolitan pulpits, and as a matter of course Henry Ward Beecher led the procession of reminiscences.

"Beecher was never a conspicuous example of a preacher and pastor combined," said one of the men. "He made the preaching end of the work his chief concern, and left the flock to be pastored by his assistants."

"But once in a while he would decide that he owed it to his parishioners to make a round of calls. He himself told me the following story of an incident which had occurred on one of these expeditions."

"He had made out a list of names, had got the addresses from the church directory—perhaps an old one—and was taking them in their most convenient order. This brought him to a house in which, according to his list, lived a Mrs. B—."

"It was a very modest house, and when Mr. Beecher rang the bell he had to wait some time for a response. When this did come it was a very irritated one in the person of a woman, who was evidently just from the wash tub."

"Is Mrs. B— in?" asked Mr. Beecher in his best manner.

"Don't live here!" snapped the woman, and slammed the door in his face. "Mr. Beecher waited quietly on the doorstep until the woman had certainly had time to go back to the basement and to resume her washing. Then he rang the bell again. After a while the door was again opened by the sudsy female."

"Who said she did?" exclaimed Beecher, and went down the steps and off up the stairs.

"And I'm inclined to think," he chuckled as he told the story, "that woman will treat a civil question better the next time she meets me."

BUYING A WOMAN'S SMILE.

Homely Mr. Gwilkintoes Accomplishes This at Very Little Cost.

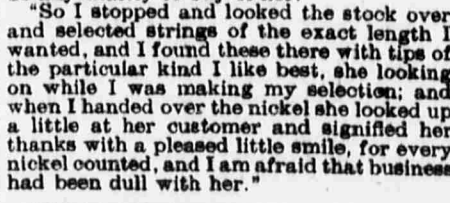
"Can a woman's smile be bought? Well, yes," said Mr. Gwilkintoes, "sometimes, and it may be for little money."

"Here is a woman who for weeks has been sitting on a downtown doorstep selling shoestrings. This is a disused door and so she interferes with nobody and nobody interferes with her; and so she sits there, with her stock spread over the greater part of the step, while she sits at the other end, holding on her arm an infant."

"And it always seemed to me that trade must be dull with her, because I never saw anybody buy of her; and finally I thought it was up to me to buy something and sort of help her along a little. Because, you see, while the profit on shoestrings is very large, still you don't make anything at all unless you sell some."

"So I thought I'd buy a pair, which was easy to do for the reason that she had good stock. Not a skimpy little mess thrown down there on the doorstep to attract attention to her and the child, but a real assortment to choose from; and it wouldn't be any charity to buy of her."

"So I stopped and looked the stock over and selected a string of the exact length I wanted, and I found these there with a lot of the particular kind I like best, she looking on while I was making my selection; and when I handed over the nickel she looked up a little at her customer and signified her thanks with a pleased little smile, for every nickel counted, and I am afraid that business had been dull with her."



FIRE STARTED BY MOTHS.

From the Strand Magazine.

Moths and fumes are universally connected, yet few people suspect that danger arises therefrom. The insects are of such frail structure that generally they get destroyed before it is possible for them to inflict injury, and it is hardly credible that the wings would ignite and set the flame long enough to enable the moth to fly to its surrounding.

That, however, has occurred. The moth was a very large one and its wings must have been very dry when it flourished through the flame it set fire to one wing and darted on to a curtain near by, which at once flared up. The moth was a very common evening fire in the country could be attributed to a source of this kind. It is notorious that mysterious fires often arise at sunset in the hot months.



FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

whose gowns require the slender hip, long back and straight front effect, find not only all these advantages, but ease and comfort as well in



LaResista.

These Corsets mould the figure into graceful, natural lines and are unusually comfortable because the boning—spirabone—being extremely flexible, bends in every direction, but will not break. (Boning breaking in first six months replaced free.)

Our newest models are decidedly smart and adapted especially for warm weather.

Sold at the best stores in all leading cities and in New York at our own parlors.

Downer, Hawes & Co
42 W. 39th St., New York
(Half Block West of 5th Av.)

IN LINE AT THE SAVINGS BANK.

Many Phases of Life Represented, but the Babies Most of All.

The line which passes continually by the window of the receiving teller at the savings bank shows life in a variety of conditions and at a variety of ages. The one fact that most impresses an observer is the number of babies.

Most mothers who have an account in a savings bank perforce must take baby with them when they make their weekly or bi-weekly or other stated pilgrimages, for there is no one at home to take care of baby. So you will always see in the changing line one or two women with babies in their arms.

Or it may be baby doesn't want to stay in arms. He or she wishes to creep or toddle about the floor and by making that wish known with vociferous persistence attains his desire. So a depositor, entering hurriedly, frequently has to step carefully because of the tiny bits of humanity sprawling here and there.

The bank clerks don't seem to mind the little ones. It may be they are used to them or are sufficiently human so that this phase of life really interests them. Then too they must have an eye for business, for these babies, many of them, are among the bank's best customers.

The proud young mother, standing book and money in hand, isn't saving up for herself, it's for baby, while baby, all unconscious that he is the person of some financial importance, is playing happily with the steam radiator.

Then also in the line is the young woman, who looks wistfully at the babies. It needs but a glance to tell that she is thrifly putting away what she can spare from her earnings at the typewriter or in the store against the day when she too will have a home of her own and qualify for the mothers' class.

There are a few old women in line, faded and worn usually, and some anxious to get enough put by for their funeral. They notice the babies usually with thoughtful reminiscence, sometimes with the asperity born of a lover's loss of life.

Of course not all of those in this line are women, but they far outnumber the men. Of the men the young predominate. The thin, light curly haired young man you guess is saving up to get married; the timorous look he gives the babies shows that. But the men depositors as a rule get through their business as quickly as possible and show little emotion except impatience that the line doesn't move faster.

It must be that prosperity is returning, for the only line in the savings bank these days is at the receiving teller's window. The paying teller has little to do.

ICE CREAM IN 20 MINUTES.

Newfangled Contraption That Makes a Brooklyn Home Brighter.

"My wife's feeding me ice cream twice a day now," said the Brooklyn man, "and she threatens to make it three times a day before July. That will make it ice cream for breakfast and I guess I'll have to draw the line at that. There's a limit."

"Expensive, you say? Bless you, no. That's the reason I haven't got up my nerve to kick yet. You see she makes it herself and she's got it figured out that it costs hardly anything to do as for the boiler, why, it doesn't bother her at all. At least that's what she says."

"It's a new patent freezer that got her started. Some friend told her about it and nothing would do but I must get her one. Something a child can handle, you know, makes the home brighter and all that sort of thing. Just a metal box about a foot square, it was."

"See here," I said to her when I got it home, "you can't make ice cream in that thing, and I can't. It's said and disappeared with it into the kitchen."

"Well sir, in half an hour or less back she came with plates of ice cream all ready for eating. It was good, too. It was all very simple. Inside the metal box was a cylinder and in that you put the cream and other stuff that is to be frozen. Then you pack the box full of very fine cracked ice, turn the handle for only a few minutes and the job's done."

"My wife went to the new freezer like a child with a new toy. At first it was only dinner, but now she makes it late in the evening and insists on my eating some before going to bed. I'm sure she has ice cream for lunch every day when I'm not home. I know because I went home for lunch to surprise her once and found that ice cream was about the whole bill of fare, so I came away in a hurry."

"I'm hoping she'll get tired of her new playing after a while and let me off with only an occasional congealed dessert. It really is a mighty handy contraption if only she wouldn't overdo it. She's got so expert now that the whole operation takes less than twenty minutes."

King Edward's Wine Cellars.

From Tit-Bits.

The supreme duty of the royal cellars bears the title gentleman of the cellars, and it is his duty to attend to the representation of all the principal sales and to acquire suitable lots. The fact that the King is really the purchaser is of course kept secret to prevent fancy prices being run up.

The King, when Prince of Wales, always made a point of taking his own wine with him when he attended public banquets, and this custom is still followed by the present heir to the throne. The King has his own wine sent to private houses when he accepts invitations to dinner, except in places where he is an old or frequent visitor.

Originally the cellars at Windsor Castle, which are of enormous extent, were the chief repository of the royal wines, and until they were overhauled nobody knew quite what they contained. The electric light, however, illuminates their dark depths and every bin is numbered and catalogued with all the accuracy of a business house.

Fires Started by Moths.

From the Strand Magazine.

Moths and fumes are universally connected, yet few people suspect that danger arises therefrom. The insects are of such frail structure that generally they get destroyed before it is possible for them to inflict injury, and it is hardly credible that the wings would ignite and set the flame long enough to enable the moth to fly to its surrounding.

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TWO DIRECTOIRE COSTUMES, ONE OF TUSSOR AND ONE OF CLOTH, WITH BRAIDED COATS.

the outing girl and the veranda girl are in evidence and the summer finery with which dressmakers have been busy throughout the spring has been having its innings.

Linen and pongee are the outing girl's favorites, and a delightful variety is displayed in the morning frocks of these materials worn at the fashionable hotels. Many more pink color schemes than usual



FLOWERED MOUSLINE.

mouselines and chiffons which are elaborated by much lace, some of the very prettiest models are conspicuously simple.

The flowered mouseline of the small sketch, for example, owes but little to trimming, plaited frills of white silk mouseline, a tucklike guimpe of the same mouseline, finely tucked and inset with valenciennes insertion, and a shallow guimpe and collar of allover valenciennes being the only trimming. The material is white, in a broad stripe effect of silk mouseline and satin, and single pink roses with soft green foliage are scattered over this surface, with larger roses massed to form a border.

The inevitable short waist line is finished by a narrow waistband of the mouseline, and a little cravat is of pink liberty. An untrimmed skirt falling in clinging fashion from a short waist line is the rule where tunic draperies are not essayed, and the average woman has evidently been fearful of experiment with the modish tunic, for while an occasional frock of obviously capable origin is worn in the hotel fashion show and attracts admiring comment, by far the larger number of modishly gowned women appear to have contented themselves by adopting the limp, close fitting skirt of unbroken lines.

While later when the life of Newport and the other ultra-fashionable resorts is in full swing, we shall see more of the Parisian tunic effects, the more extreme Greek and Empire designs, but the early season crowd and the woman who cannot patronize famous dressmakers and follow every fashion whim will doubtless keep to the simpler skirt through-

out the summer. That she has discarded her petticoats is, however, a fact assured, and, truth to tell, a good many women have not yet learned to walk gracefully in the long, limp, clinging skirts which the mode prescribes.

There is, for instance, a certain successful color satin dinner gown, boldly and successfully harmonized with the wearer's blond hair, which is draped softly around the body and falls in the most clinging of sheath skirts. The satin is of the softest and simplest kind and there is evidently no petticoat, possibly not even a drop skirt, beneath the satin folds, but the skirt is so perfectly cut that, though unquestionably revealing every movement of the figure beneath, it is unquestionably of pronounced grace.

Above the bust line the entire bodice is formed of soft tulle drapery, falling away over the shoulders and forming a filmy draped sleeve. Not a vestige of trimming anywhere about the gown, merely perfection of line and drapery and color.

Another frock in the same outfit is a white silk mouseline, lightly draped over a plain and extremely clinging satin foundation. This is of Empire character, the bodice draped in a very wide surplice V over a round tucker of the same length.

The skirt of mouseline is laid in plaits or folds, but weighted by a band of satin at the bottom which drags these soft folds down into the approved clinging arrangement. The skirt sleeves are of the fine lace.

From the girle in front at each side a wide scarf of black silk mouseline starts. This runs up over the shoulder, dropping low over the close sleeve top, down to the

transparent white or cream guimpes and following the approved lines.

In many instances the embroidery is in self-color soutache rather than silks, and considerable effect can be obtained in this way without extraordinary expense or labor. The skirts may be untrimmed and plain or may show a slight tunic move-



LACE WAIST.